
Title: Journal of Grimmoch

Author: Grimmoch Drummel

Day Seven - Day Ten:
I cannot stand this place,
I cannot bear it. I've got
to get out. Something
evil lurks in this ancient
place, something best left
alone. I hear them, yet
none of the others do.
And yet they must.
Hands, claws, scratching
at stone, the awful
scratching and the piteous
cries that sound almost
like laughter. I can hear
them above even the
cracks of the workmen's
picks, and at night they
are all I can hear. And
yet the others hear
nothing. We must leave
this place, we must.
Three workers have gone
missing - Tavera expects
they've abandoned us -
and I count them lucky if
they have. I don't care
what the others say, we
must leave this place. We
must do as those before
and pile up the stones,
block all access to this
primeval crypt, seal it up
again for all eternity.